

# THE ALPINE HERALD

A SOUVENIR OF NEWSPAPER NIGHT, JULY 9, 1907, AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE OF PARADISE VALLEY, AT THE CAMP OF THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA. BEING SELECTIONS FROM THE CONTRIBUTIONS OF CLUB MEMBERS.

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Volume I

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No. 1

## EDITORIAL.

The Alpine Herald hereby makes its first appearance. It has the reputation of being the highest paper published in Canada, and the lowest in price, its circulation representing the most complete lot of deadhead subscribers the world has ever seen. The editors have even had to supply their own pencils and paper, or borrow them.

The Herald hopes to be a great moulder of public opinion. It is sad to have the mould broken once it is used, and so soon, but possibly the country could not well stand more than one.

You will observe from the contents that this camp fairly revels in genius. Home-grown poets have used up much valuable wrapping paper in inditing their sonnets and songs; modern Shakespeares and Tennysons will be heard from, as well as others who would make those out-of-date gentlemen look like 18 cents.

The Herald is in favor of the free life, free passes and free meals.

It believes in the ambition that will overcome difficulties and get there!

It believes in the physical efficacy of pork and beans and the brain-producing qualities of prunes.

It believes in the A.C.C., in its youthful President, in its charming secretary, so steeped in Browning—and business, and in each one of the club's talented officers.

It believes in the free life in God's out-of-doors, in the glorious life among the garden of hills, in the untrammelled fraternizing of the finest bunch of folks that ever straddled a pony or hit a trail. Finally, it believes in itself.

## THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA.

Among the youngest of Canadian organizations is the Alpine Club of Canada.

Not yet two years old, and with a membership of nearly three hundred, it is a healthy and thriving youngster, feeling its own undoubted importance and realizing the patriotic part it has to play in revealing our vast mountain heritage to the sons of the Dominion.

It is but another outcome of the rising spirit of nationalism in our fair land; the placing of a stronger emphasis on our belief in ourselves, and in our native or adopted land.

Hence the result; instead of a Canadian section of the American Alpine Club as at first proposed, we have the Alpine Club of Canada, to the membership of which our United States friends are most welcome.

The club has accomplished not a little even during its brief time of life. It has successfully carried out two large mountain camps; it has developed a numerous company of home grown Alpinists; it has inaugurated scientific glacial measurements, and laid foundations for extended work in the future.

## PERSONAL.

Congratulations are most heartily extended to our President's son, Mr. Oliver Wheeler, who, at the recent examinations of the Royal Military College of Kingston, Ont., headed the list of successful candidates, with a margin of over one thousand marks.

If our skillful young guide will display at that institution of strenuous training a fraction of the sturdy bearing, indomitable courage and boundless energy which have characterized his work in the mountains, there can be no doubt as to his success in military life.

The Alpine Club of Canada extends its best wishes for his success and gratefully acknowledges his cheerful services as guide.

## THE CLUB'S PLANS FOR THE NEAR FUTURE.

The annual meeting of the Club, held on July 9, 1907, a report of which appears elsewhere, led to some extended plans for the early future. Chief among these was the decision to erect a headquarters club house, in the Banff National Park, on a three-acre site, to be leased free of charge by the Dominion Government. The structure will be in the style of the Museum Building in Banff, and will be available for use by Club members.

Another projected plan is that of holding a series of camps in future years, so that no one camp will be too large and members can enjoy the variety that would be provided by summer camps in both Rockies and Selkirks, and even in the more Western Gold, Cascade and Coast Ranges. A Club magazine or paper, in addition to the Annual Report, is also one of the possibilities of the future.

both Rockies and Selkirks, as reported in the Government blue books, while his recent book on the Selkirks is a monument to his industry and knowledge of his subject, and a distinct addition to the mountain literature of our country. And latterly, as one of the prime movers in the organization of a Canadian Alpine Club, he has rendered a further service to his and our country that entitles him to the credit of a Canadian who has done and is doing things. In the language of the late lamented Socrates, President Wheeler is all right.

## MARKET REPORT.

Winnipeg, July 8.—The market today showed a remarkable rise in the price of pork and beans. The Board of Trade officers attribute the fact to the demands of the Alpine Club of Canada.

A corresponding increase in the price of fresh meat was observed.

## OUR CHINESE OPINION OF OURSELVES AND OUR CAMP.

Talk about yellow peril, white peril vely bad. Eatee, eatee, all the time. Chinaman eat bowl rice, plenty nuff. White man eat mush, heap mush, more mush. Eat pig, curly pig piece like pig tail. White man eat tatoes. Keep send back for hot some. He eat green tings—big tin dish too small; heap up, spill over, all gone soon. Puddin', peach, prune, preservy—apicot—pack 'em all away al-legether Chinaman he just eat one.

And tea! Drink tea like mad. Yellow Riber no hold nuff to fill em all up. Biley, biley all day long; no rest day, no sleep night. John get thin, John get sick, John die. Ship John home to China c.o.d. Savey?

White man sparkee girl all the time. When he eatee, when he warmy at fire, when he sit like bump on log, when he help washy dishy—(wish he help some more) all the time sparkee girl—and white girl likee sparkee.

## AN APPRECIATION.

Gentlemen of the Alpine Club of Canada, how can we thank you? From the hour that we began our journey hither till the sad time when we must leave this happy spot, your constant kindness has made us glad. The days of chivalry gone! Never, we answer, while the Alpine Club of Canada lives.

To the officers of the club who prepared for our coming and have watched over our comfort while here, we owe a debt we cannot repay. Especially would we mention the thoughtfulness that provided a warm tent for our use, and the extent to which we have utilized it is the proof of its value.

As for the guides who have so courageously undertaken the task of directing our ignorant steps to higher realms, we cannot say enough in praise of their care and kind encouragement.

And when we think of those gentlemen, our fellow members, who have toiled with us up and down these rocky slopes, giving every needful attention, we are reminded of Wordsworth's lines:

"That best portion of a good man's life,

His little nameless unremembered acts of kindness.

The limitations of time and space forbid an enumeration all these little helpful kindnesses, but some must be mentioned here. Frequently they lent the pencil or pen with which we wrote to our friends of some of our escapades and merry times. Sometimes they applied to our boots the nails that made more sure our footsteps on these rough heights. Of course they sometimes forgot to clinch them, and then we had added cause to remember them. Sometimes these same boots were greased for us, and again the grease was merely lent, and in response to our fervent thanks, came the answer, "It's all right, it's not mine, it belongs to Bridgland."

Many a time they placed across the muddy trail a log or stone. Of course it didn't always hold, but the intention was good.

Once at least a helpful escort volunteered to pilot a timid damsel across a stream on the stones, but unhappily he forgot that she might be unable to follow his long strides, and so gaily shouting, "I'm across," vanished into the woods, leaving the luckless maiden to seek a crossing elsewhere.

We have even heard of one fearless mountaineer who, with the very best of intentions, undertook to precede a timorous maiden down a glissade, and succeeded in plunging her head-first for at least fifty feet down the slide, when an alert guide skillfully altered her position and sent her on her way rejoicing.

These and many other delightful memories will long remain with us, but despite all, we will ever insist of officers, guides, outfitters and fellow-members, that

"They are jolly good fellows,

Which nobody can deny."

(Chorus by ladies.)

By the Ladies' of the Alpine Club

## PERSONALS.

The jolly gentleman from Regina met with a sad mishap on Monday last. Crossing a bog on the Glacier trail, a bit of Rocky mountain mud splashed on and over his nice light suit. Life has not been the same to him since.

A gentleman of the quill called at one of the ladies' tents early on Wednesday morning, greatly to their consternation. He was soon after promptly killed and his body thrown in the river. It is understood his name was Mr. Pork U. Pine, of Moraine Lake.



THE SITE OF PARADISE VALLEY CAMP, JULY 4-11, 1907

## A BIOGRAPHY OF THE PRESIDENT.

Mr. Arthur Orography Wheeler, F.R.G.S., K.O.G.M., O.K. & P.S., etc., was born between 40 and 70 years ago in a village that has since disappeared from the map. From a child he evinced a craze for climbing, his first successful ascent, at 4 years of age, being of a step ladder to his mother's jam shelf. He always considered that that feast of jam came too high to repeat the attempt. The climb did not involve any roping—except what his parental pater gave him.

When he arrived at years of maturity and discretion he moved to Calgary, where he might have the foothills along the Bow River to experiment upon. Having there developed the necessary qualities of a mountaineer, he decided to take a step higher and proceeded to tackle Tunnel Mountain at Banff, which he successfully negotiated with the aid of a Scandinavian guide and a bicycle.

Since that time Mr. Wheeler has rendered a service to Canada of the highest value in his topographical work in the survey of the heart of

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

For Rent.—Bed space, 4x6, in tent No. 5, Paradise Valley. Most desirable location; all modern conveniences. Running cold water.

Mr. J. D. P——n wishes to inform the public that he has opened a Hand Laundry at the Bridge, Strict attention paid to collars and cuffs. Chinese prices and white man's laundry.

Lost—A Key— to Browning. Apply to the Secretary.

## SPORTING NOTE.

The Paradise Valley Golf Club held a successful meet a few days ago on the Glacier Links. Mock Hen's doughnuts made excellent balls, and Mr. Yeigh's 18th century umbrella handle was utilized as a driver.

## TWO FUNNY ITEMS.

Why are the qualifying members the leaders of fashion in the camp?

Because they belong to the Upper Ten.

Is it not fitting that we should have Celestials in Paradise Valley.

White girl giggle; white girl no get mad and slap.

White folk fooly folk. No tell man from girl. Alee samee. All queer dress, all carry big stick like chop stick; walkee off up hill—big heap fun.

Uppy hill, big heap puff-puff; walkee down, big heap bust. John glad he Chinaman. Have more fun. Savey?

## A REMARKABLE LIQUID.

By a most remarkable coincidence nearly every camper carries in his or her ricketty sack an emergency liquid that is as difficult to define definitely as the milky way or the theory of evolution. Some of the names of this universal mixture are:

Violet ammonia (in Men's Tent No. 4).  
3-in-1 oil.  
Cold tea.  
Root beer.  
Coca cola.  
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.  
The famous fortifier.  
Radway's ready relief.



## THE GIFT OF EGOTISM.

When God created man, He equipped him not only with physical powers to overcome the ordinary difficulties of his position in the universe, but he endowed him also with a hundred qualities of mind and spirit to enable him to live his little life without being weighed down too heavily by the inevitable disappointments of that life, and amongst these qualities, though less frequently considered perhaps than the more familiar ones—*as Hope, Faith and Patience*, surely we may count a certain spirit of Egotism, possessed in various degrees by every son of Adam,—and his sisters.

That Egotism displays itself in many forms, some of which are exceedingly objectionable, we are aware, but comparatively harmless is that form of it which leads a man to exaggerate the importance of the events in which he plays a part.

Are not we of the Alpine Club of Canada, gathered together in this beautiful Paradise Valley, blessed with no small portion of this spirit?

Each day a round half-dozen parties set out for half-a-dozen different places of interest.

We ourselves can join but one of these parties, but as the events of the day begin to unfold themselves, we hardly recognize the existence of the other groups, or if we do it is with a sort of pity that they are not enjoying the experiences which are crowding in upon us.

Say we are making the ascent of Mount Aberdeen. As the view opens out and we become more and more impressed with its grandeur, our bosoms swell with pride for we reflect that no one in the whole world is enjoying such a treat as we—never was such a perfect day for mountain climbing—never such a happy combination of circumstances. If we had been caught in a blizzard and seen nothing but a blinding drift of snowflakes we should have felt just as proud to believe that never before had Aberdeen been climbed under such unfavorable conditions.

Now we are roped together and are negotiating the most terrible incline ever ascended by man—but we are buoyed up by visions of the faces of those below when we describe to them the dangerous ice and the treacherous rocks, and how bravely we met and overcome the fearful difficulties which obstructed our progress.

The climax is reached as we shoot like streaks of lightning down the almost vertical snow-field, and if our descent is more swift than graceful let no man suppose it is from lack of skill on our part—it is merely that we are bubbling over with excitement and impatience to get back to camp, that while the blood still tingles in our veins we may pour out the story of our heroic deeds.

Alas! alas! what bitter disappointments await us—how soon is our enthusiasm chilled. Having searched out our acquaintances we commence to tell the story, but unless we are blessed with another of the gifts of Nature, (which shall be nameless) ere we have proceeded far a sickening sensation comes over us, for we begin to realize that our hearers are listening on sufferance, impatiently waiting for us to finish in order that they may show how insignificant has been our adventures compared with theirs. Our brilliant periods become stilted, nay our voice is soon hushed into complete silence and only our innate courtesy and desire to please enables us to bear with patience the recital of our rivals.

Ah well, next week we shall be home again, and our spirits begin to rise once more at the thought—we will pour out to the admiring circle there the tale that fell so flat in camp. Poor deluded mortals, little do we allow for the fact that even amongst our stay-at-home friends greater events have been taking place than any we have been experiencing in the Rocky Mountains, and the account of our magnificent achievements, our hair-breadth escapes, our skill and our endurance will be made to pale besides the fact that Marjorie has cut a tooth or that little Willie has been heard to say "Dah"!!

Shall we be downhearted? No, for we shall reflect that we have only 12 months to wait for next year's camp. Our story will lose nothing by being kept and next July many a novice will listen to us with open-eyed wonder and admiration, or round the camp fire a weary, footsore, but forgiving audience will give us the attention we have waited for so long and patiently, and with this thought will come again the belief that life is worth living. Man is irrepressible.

BERTRAM S. SMITH.

## CLIMBING MOUNTAINS IN WINTER

Is it not worth while to scale some peaks in Winter? This is being done in Switzerland, in fact, our C.P.R. guides have told us that they have climbed Swiss mountains during winter months. Three years ago I went up to Mt. Abbott, near Glacier House, with Ned Feuz. We started at 6 a.m. on a January day, on snowshoes, and for the first hour and a half we used a Swiss lantern to guide us through the trees. There is a good trail up to Marion Lake, but there was easily ten feet of snow in the valley and on the mountains perhaps thirty feet. It took us four hours to get up to the timber line, and then in about three hours we got to the flag on Mt. Abbott. We had to make a circuit on the shoulder instead of climbing precipices, and we got on a cornice between two peaks, and as a blizzard was blowing, the cornice suddenly fell from our footprints, down two or three hundred feet, but fortunately we got our snowshoes and our alpenstocks on the hard ridge. We ate a little lunch under the shelter of rocks, and we came down the sides of Mt. Abbott in good shape. From the timber line to Glacier House it just meant 55 minutes, as we used our snowshoes on the line of tobogganing and slid down the slopes.

Then a year and a half ago, we went up to the top of the Asulkan Glacier on skis. I was not so much used to them as to snowshoes, but we climbed the glacier, and suddenly the sun burst through the sky and a rosy splendor was thrown on all the peaks, just as we have seen the light and sunshine in the Paradise Valley. But

## A SABBATH DAY IN CAMP.

While many a happy hour was spent around the cheerful camp fire, when song and story and merry jest followed each other, more serious notes were struck. The most light-hearted felt they were in a temple not made with hands; they had only to lift the eyes to the encircling peaks to instinctively worship the Creator-God whose handiwork they are.

It was fitting therefore that "family prayers" should mark the ending of many a glorious day and restful evening, when one voiced an invocation for all, and when all joined in an evening hymn or the Lord's Prayer.

It was fitting, too that many should gather, in the peaceful Sabbath evening, far from the distracting noises of a busy world and with the stars looking down upon them from between the ramparts of rock, worship the God of the Hills and of the valleys, and of men and praise Him from whom all blessings flow. So songs of praise were heard and fervent prayers were offered, followed by helpful addresses by Rev. J. C. Herdman, D.D., of Calgary, Alberta, Rev. J. R. Robertson, of Revelstoke, B.C., and Rev. Geo. R. Kinney, of Michel, B. C.

It was church union in essence when the little band of men and women, belonging to many different denominations and believing in many varying creeds, thus joined in united worship and sang the grand old psalm of the mountains:

I to the hills will lift mine eyes,  
From whence doth come mine aid.  
My safety cometh from the Lord,  
Who heaven and earth hath made.

## THREE APPRECIATIONS.

Three events of very special interest took place at the annual meeting of the Club, and they centered in three very special folks, to wit: the President, the President's wife, and the Secretary.

It would be unnecessary as well as superfluous to debate at any length on the valuable services rendered by President Wheeler, in connection with the Alpine Club. The members of the 1907 camp felt a strong desire to show their regard and esteem for their chief in some slight tangible way. A presentation was therefore made to him of an 18-karat watch chain and compass, and a pair of gold cuff links, engraved in a ribbon pattern.

The valuable services of Mrs. Wheeler were to a slight degree recognized by a resolution passed with the greatest enthusiasm, that read: "For her many and voluntary services at this camp, and the camp of 1906 on Yoho Pass, the Alpine Club of Canada extends to Mrs. Wheeler the perpetual freedom of camp and club house." The resolution, suitably illuminated an vellum and enclosed in a solid silver cedar-lined casket, will be presented to Mrs. Wheeler when completed. The casket has the inscription: "Mrs. A. O. Wheeler, the Freedom of the Camp, Alpine Club of Canada."

Then there's the club secretary. Mrs. Parker's services in her official capacity have been of the greatest value to the club as have her disinterested and unceasing labors for the welfare of the new organization along every line. She has been and con-

## DE ALPINE CLUB.

Have you never hear on de Alpine Club,

Where dey clime on de summer day,  
Some peoples tink dey was sure for fell,

But de guide she was show de way.

Now de fonney ting I would lak you guess,

Ees de crowd de-way she's look.  
De man's very poor, don't have enny ves',  
And de pants were so short she took.

Dey mus' be sheep, for dere ony half size,

Wit a rag on de leg below,  
She pull out hees shirt for keep off some flies,  
Mebbe keep-out de snow also.

But what mak ma laf an squeeze on my side,

Was all men was dress sam dey girl,  
Don't mak enny change from de las to de guide,  
'Cept dere hair she wouldn't be curl!

Sometam dey was black, sometam dey was red,

Sometam dey was green, brown, or gray,  
De way you was tell see de girl hees head,  
Or de finger wit ring dis way.

Dere plenty beeg montagne for clime wit snow,

More higher dan Sentinel,  
But I tole you boys eef you want for know,  
De noder don't skeer so well.

Wen everyone pret we start for beeg walk,

De Wheeler she pack us some eat,  
Wit ax and wit steek an very much talk.  
De peep start de record to beat.

De farder she go de more still she's get,

And commence say noding at all,  
Dey walk on de rock, dey walk on de wet,  
Always skeer les' somebuddy fall!

But higher an higher de guide ees go,

And everyone do de sam ting,  
Dey pass all de rock, see noding but snow,  
She's cold! freeze ear, every ting!

Dey don't stay longue tam, you may bet on your boot,

But glisser and run away down,  
An when dey see camp, dey yell an dey hoot,  
Cos' everyone save heem hees crown.

Dere face she's all red wit blister an snow,

De pant hees full of beeg hole,  
Cos' wen dey slide down, dey sit as you know,  
And stear heem go straight wit a pole.

At night dey all sing, some speak an some play,

Some boy she sit close by de girl,  
De girl she do noding, but everyone say,  
Tees fines' place on de hole worl'.

I didn't clime Temple, Hungabee at all,

Nor Pinnacle sam as de res',  
Cos' I go for beeg ting and dey are too small,  
I took Aberdeen, which ees bes'.

Wheeler, ees captinne, she know every-ting,

Tree times more dan you an us all,  
If Edouard be ded am sure she be King,  
Or get better job by nex' fall.

W. G. HUNT.

## CHORUS OF THE QUALIFIED.

Air: "Sailing, Sailing."  
Climbing, climbing,  
Over the ice and snow,  
With axe and pole,  
And resolute soul,  
To Canada's peaks we go,  
Sliding, striding,  
Back to the camp at night;  
Our work is done,  
Our place we've won,  
We're "Actives" now by right.

F. W. FREEBORN.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Mr. Editor:  
What is the best cure for a snoring nose? On Avenue B, in the gentlemen's corral, and in Tent No. 4, there is an alpinist evidently afflicted with this kind of a musical instrument, which gets in its finest work just before dawn. Clothes pins have long since proven unavailing.

CAMPER.



CLIMBING MOUNT ABERDEEN

there was a red light that was most inspiring, the snow-peaks looked like marble, and when we got to the top of the Asulkan Glacier we saw Fox, Dawson, Donkin, Purity, etc. It was rather difficult for me to come down, as the skis always went rapidly and I was not much used to them, but still we had many good glissades. I am glad to say that there is a good ski club in the Glacier House and that members of the club enjoy their climbing and their runs on the banks. Because of the long size of the skis, and their narrow steps, I found it a little difficult on steep slopes, but I would say that it is comparatively easy to climb passes and mountains and glaciers in the winter time. The Asulkan Glacier is full of gaps and great crevasses in the summer but we had no difficulty in going straight up to the top in winter.

## THE NEXT CAMP MEETING.

Hamilton, July 6, 1907.—(Special despatch).—At a meeting of the Hamilton Alpine Club, held early this morning in the Gore, it was resolved to invite the Alpine Club of Canada to camp on the Hamilton mountain for the 1908 meet.

## AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

As far as sight could reach the wild peaks rose,  
Tier after tier against the limpid blue,  
Titanic forms that stormed the heavens anew,  
At every turn, crowned with imperial snows:  
And then, as day sank softly to its close,  
Dianhanous, ethereal they grew,  
Mere wraiths of rainbow-mist that from our view,  
Dream-laden, lapsed to darkness and repose.  
—Helena Coleman, in "Songs and Sonnets."

Thy foot he'll not let slide, nor will He slumber that thee keeps,  
Behold, he that keeps Israel,  
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.

The Lord shall keep thy soul; he shall  
Preserve thee from all ill.  
Henceforth thy going out and in  
God keep for ever will.

## THE FOR-GET-ME-NOT.

The forget-me-not is a dear wee plant  
With its small blue flowers and dots of gold;  
Oh it seems to me love would be so sweet,  
If by such a flower it could be told.

The forget-me-not is beloved by all,  
The brook whispers love as it rushes through,  
And the wild birds came their homage to pay,  
The robin, dove, sky-lark and cuckoo.

O dear forest flower, thus praise I,  
'Tis poor, but accept it, O plant do  
Each time I pass through the woods in spring,  
I'm looking, I'm searching for you.  
—Harriet W. Watson.

Mountains have fallen,  
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock  
Rocking their Alpine brethren; filling up  
The ripe green valleys with destructive splinters,  
Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,  
Which crushed the waters into mist, and made  
Their fountains find another channel.  
—From Byron's "Manfred."

tinues to be the embodiment of enthusiasm on behalf of the club, and the campers gave expression to this feeling by passing a suitable resolution of appreciation, to be accompanied later by a souvenir album, which will contain photographs connected with the camp of 1907.

The address will read as follows:  
"We, the undersigned, members of the 1907 camp of the Alpine Club of Canada, welcome the opportunity of expressing, even in this inadequate way, our appreciation of your services as the Club Secretary, not only during the brief life of the Camp, but ever since the inception of the organization.

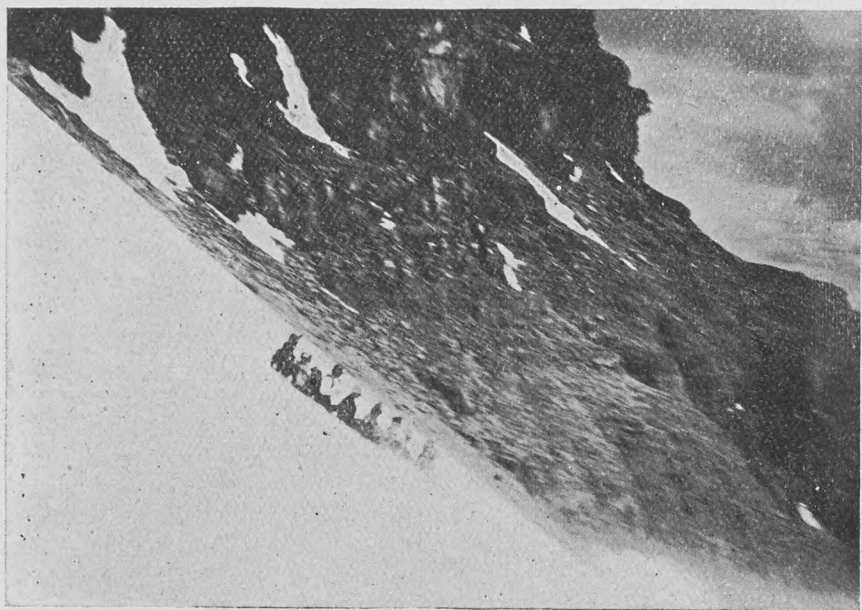
"We all know of your enthusiasm for, and deep interest in, the baby Alpine Club of the world. You have rightly grasped the national significance of such a movement in making known to Canadians their wonderful mountain heritage. You have rightly apprehended their value as a great Imperial asset.

"We feel it a privilege therefore to acknowledge your unsparing efforts to make our Alpine Club a success, and you may well claim a share in its undoubted success.

"With all good wishes, and with the hope of meeting you at many a future camp and enjoying anew your friendship and experiencing anew your courtesy and kindness, we are on behalf of the Camp."

Mountains never shake hands. Their roots may touch; they may keep together some way up, but at length they part company, and rise into individual, insulated peaks. So is it with great men.—From Hare's "Guesses at Truth."





GLISSADING DOWN MOUNT ABERDEEN

## THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ALPINE CLUB.

The annual meeting of the Club was held round the camp fire. The President opened the proceedings with an interesting address on the work of the past year and outlined the brilliant prospects before the Club. The reports of the different officials were then read and found to be most satisfactory. They were disappointing in one way, however. Every one was so well pleased that there was no room for discussion. Inspired by the satisfactory state of the finances, the Club determined to launch out into a further development. A lot has been secured at Banff, and a Club House will be built there; small at first but increasing with the years. Many members pledged themselves to raise ten dollars each to help on the work.

After a good deal of discussion it was decided that in future all graduating members should be required to produce a certificate from one of the medical men belonging to the Club, and therefore conversant with the conditions under which climbing is carried on, that they are in fit physical condition, before attempting an ascent.

The ladies were much interested in the question of Club colors. Ribbon is to be woven for the Club's exclusive use, striped with grey, green and white.

There seemed to be a good deal of dissatisfaction with the official organ, and a committee was appointed to go into the matter. After careful consideration and communication with the managing editor, it was decided to continue the same magazine but under more satisfactory conditions.

An unanimous vote of the Club elected the Right Hon. James Bryce, His Majesty's ambassador to the United States and a distinguished mountaineer, an Honorary member of the Club.

After the appreciations and presentations referred to elsewhere, the meeting closed.

## THE ORIGIN OF THE YOHU YELL.

"Yoho! Yoho!  
We are the people who climb, you know,  
Up the mountain, through snow and cloud,  
Then returning we shout aloud,  
Yoho! Yoho!"

I understand that there is a movement on foot to make our "Yoho yell" a permanency in our club, and that a history of its inception is desired.

I well remember the earliest history of that cry, because I was really the one who suggested it. It came about in this way: On the first official climb of Vice-president, in fact the first climb of the Club, I was a "free lance" and now and then became separated a little from the party. The call we used was very similar in sound to "Yoho." We had used it so much in fact that on our way down I suggested to several of the party that we adopt the cry "Yoho" as a call when parties wanted to locate each other. Later on I suggested to Mr. Donald McTavish that we should have a club yell with "Yoho" as a basis and he at once began to compose the lines now so well known.

Our party soon learned them, and just as we neared the camp we stole up as quietly as possible and then suddenly burst in on the camp fire group with our new poetic cry. Needless to say it took the camp by storm.

I understand that others have been credited with the authorship of the lines. But I know for a fact that Don McTavish composed them, for he acted at once on my suggestion of "Yoho" for a call.

GEORGE KINNEY.

## WOMAN'S PAGE.

By Lady Paradise.

Dear Lady Paradise, when is it proper for a young gentleman to put his feet round a lady's waist when glissading? Mollie.

Dear Mollie: Before doing this, my dear, you must be sure that you have been properly introduced by a Presbyterian minister, or, failing him, by the camp cook.

Please tell me, dear Lady Paradise, the proper etiquette in connection with the use of the rubber cup, when climbing.—Bill.

Always give it first, Bill, to the lady who you know has the most chocolate concealed about her person.

How can I impress my neighbors with my own great sanctity of mind, at the same time having a good time with all the girls?—D. N. M.

Carry a hymn book round in your pocket, D. N. M., and all will be well.

I have a pair of good climbing boots that I do not need any longer. What can I do with them, as I do not wish to waste them?—Prof. B.

Your old boots, if the shoe laces are removed and replaced by green ribbons and the leather covered with views and varnish, will make a handy bag in which to keep your socks and mending materials.

## FASHION NOTES.

A simple and useful tie for persons of the ministerial professions, who are lacking in secular ties, may be made from the club badge.

The best kind of gloves to use when climbing are those belonging to your friend.

A handy trimming for hats and one which is not expensive, may be procured from any porcupine around camp.

For those members who study their complexions we suggest an excellent means of resisting the sun's and wind's rays. Borrow a clean handkerchief and shape it into the form of a mask. This applied to the face carefully will be found a certain protection against any disfigurement. Patterns may be procured from Mr. Nicholson for the price of ten cents.

A prize of seventeen porcupine quills and a rubber cup will be given to anybody inventing an inexpensive complexion food, or beautifier, which will stand the test on Mts. Aberdeen and Temple.

For hot-headed individuals, hats with holes throughout the crown are advised by our leading medical authorities.

Patchwork is rapidly growing in Dame Fashion's favor. The crazier the better.

A great variety of shades are popular for the complexion, but perhaps the favorite is crushed strawberry.

Shoe ties of different colors are becoming popular. Any preferred combination may be chosen, but the favorites will probably be the club colors.

## INTERIOR DECORATIONS.

The bare appearance of the ordinary tent-pole may be relieved by graceful drappings of knickers, sheets, hose, blouses, etc. In ordinary cases a large number of such garments are required to produce the most artistic effect.

The most handsome mantel drappings are composed of puttees, preferably wet, which should be festooned at suitable intervals from the roof of the tent.

Graceful hanging pots may be made by tying ordinary climbing boots together and suspending them from any desirable point. Any plant may be grown in these, but the cactus is said to thrive best.

## AN ASCENT OF MOUNT TEMPLE.

Friday is usually accounted an unlucky day on which to undertake anything important, but the breakfast table at 6 o'clock on Friday the 5th of July showed that a few people, at any rate, were not superstitious.

The roll call for Temple showed four in line, under Gottfried Feuz. Right about face, down the hill, across Paradise Creek and follow the path! Our guide's stride was just "the fit," and a jauntier crowd has yet to be seen than the quartette who thus followed Gottfried.

Soon, however, there was no path, and the brushing winded us not a little, but when the moraine below Sentinel Pass was struck, a welcome halt was caused by a certain pair of boots, too tightly laced, that needed readjustment.

Sentinel Pass involved some scree work, followed by steps in the hard snow—a veritable Jacob's Ladder, leading from Paradise to the Pass. Here we sighted our breakfast companions climbing up Mitre Pass on the opposite side of Paradise Valley.

Now came looser stones, larger steps upward, and a traverse on the hard snow. Carefully the party kept their places; the girl next the guide, then Mr. Patterson, followed by the "other fellows" (Gottfried didn't honor them with names) Bell and Gillies. I was so grateful to Mr. Patterson's large camera. It was his excuse for a halt whenever he saw the "tired look" on the face of the girl behind him.

Snow steps in an almost vertical field alternated with rock work all the way up. Only one difficult rock was rounded, where the gentlemen wished their shoulders less broad as they stooped, hands clasping the rock, bodies over the precipice, feet on the steps almost under the rock. We were roped just before we came to this point.



ASCENDING A STEEP SNOW SLOPE

By 10 o'clock we had reached an elevation of nearly 10,000 feet, where we had an excellent view of the Valley of the Ten Peaks, and Prospector's Valley; also of Lake Hector away to our right.

The summit of Temple was almost directly overhead. Steady, slow work brought us to the top just before noon, having done the climb in five hours and 25 minutes. A hand shake all around, ensued, and cheers for everybody! Weren't we proud of ourselves! Even Gottfried's solemn features wore a triumphant smile, for it was his first ascent of this particular mountain.

We found the peak a somewhat windy spot, clouds hung low, and the sun was most chary of his rays, yet some photos were taken.

The order of the return march was reversed, Mr. Gillies leading. A good leader he was, too, tracing our footprints with unerring skill, cutting steps deeper whenever needed, and keeping a good, even stride. We followed him till we passed that ugly rock, when Gottfried made a change.

The rock work now seemed ever so much harder and the shale much more treacherous. Sentinel Pass proved most welcome when its sharp roof was reached.

From this point we slid down the snow, lost a couple of hats, got woefully tangled up in the ropes and had to be unroped, as a punishment. Then rapidly retracing our steps to camp, the climb of old Mount Temple was finished, and congratulations were the order of the day.

As a result of the climb there were a couple of beautiful complexions, matchless in their pinky-whiteness, which are excellent advertisements of the wind on Mt. Temple, cold cream and talcum powder.

EVELEEN B. HOBBS.

## AN ATTEMPT ON MOUNT PINNACLE.

The party which attempted to climb Mount Pinnacle, and capture this virgin peak for the honor of the Alpine Club of Canada, was composed of Rev. J. C. Herdman, Rev. J. R. Robertson, Rev. George Kinney, and the writer, with Edward Feuz in charge.

We left camp at six a.m. and made the first 2,000 feet over rock and shale without difficulty. But then our troubles commenced, for we found that the rock pinnacles of the mountain were very rotten, necessitating the greatest care in climbing.

The real work commenced when our guide led us up a steep chimney, filled with loose rock, snow and ice, which made climbing both difficult and dangerous. Proceeding cautiously however we reached the chimney top without mishap. Here we sat down, fearful lest the entire roof should crumble and hurl us to the depths below.

Our next movement was down the rock chimney and a further descent of some seventy-five feet led to a narrow ledge around the mountain. This was covered with loose particles of rock as well as snow and ice.

Below was a steep funnel-shaped face, that opened on a yawning chasm, the depth of which we could not see. Having negotiated the end of this ledge, we were on the south of the mountain, between Pinnacle and Eiffel Tower. Peering sheer upward, the entire mountain seemed to be a succession of steep cones of honeycombed rock, which the slightest pressure would cause to disintegrate.

A short advance brought us to a spot involving a descent of an almost perpendicular cliff, twenty feet in depth. Experiences such as this were frequent during the day. The way

beyond that 25 feet which seemed to bar the way to the apparently climbable faces beyond.

One of the party got as high up as possible, and braced himself while Edward made a footing of his shoulders, trying thus to get a foot or hand hold a little farther up, as now every extra foot gained meant so much. But it was useless. There was not a crevice where a finger could be inserted, and the only visible foothold when poked with an ice axe went crashing to the valley below.

Edward then went on to inspect the narrower portion of the crevice in which we were working, but found its walls glistening with ice and returned, only to attack, almost savagely, the same old place. How he clung to that almost perpendicular wall I cannot tell.

He was again forced back, this time with a most dejected air, looking longingly at the unclimbable wall and remarking, "I don't want to give it up." Nor did he until after two hours of unremitting effort. We followed him to the point where he clung like a squirrel to the rock wall. A very few seconds was enough for us, as well as one look above and below.

Then we reluctantly retraced our steps. We were defeated! In silence we ate the last of the frugal lunch, and casual efforts at joke making were dire failures too.

It was now 4 p. m., and the thought of the even harder return journey, of skirting those fearsome ledges, and, even worse, of lowering one's self down the treacherous chimneys led to the wish that we were safely back in camp. Night was fast approaching.

If loose rocks were dangerous going up, they were certainly more so coming down, so we had to exercise the greatest care in order to avoid accidents. Slowly we proceeded on our way, scaling or descending cliffs, skirting narrow ledges with deep abysses below until finally we reached our first lunching place—the rock roof previously alluded to.

We dreaded descent from this point more than any part of the journey. Being anchor, I had to proceed ahead of four men who, though ever so careful, might hurl down a dangerous missile.

Edward proposed another route and I was soon being lowered over a roof while a trio held the rope above. Finding a jutting rock about a foot square I untied the rope, which was hauled up. For once I felt alone in the world. It seemed as if that withdrawing rope cut one off from all retreat.

One of our companions was next lowered, and stood clinging to the rock, but the depths into which he gazed made him momentarily dizzy and I was ordered back to stand by him for a few minutes.

Edward did his usual "stunt" of coming down without the aid of the rope. It was now 7.30 and the sun was nearing the array of titanic peaks to the west; so hurry was imperative.

Some difficult rock work ensued, landing us on the snow field from which point our troubles ceased. The balance of the journey was an easy descent over loose rock and small slopes.

But though defeated do not think we failed to enjoy the experience, as strenuous climbing is always enjoyable. Then too we saw the Mount Temple party on their up climb, with whom we exchanged merry shouts. We also saw the Lake O'Hara string wind slowly up Lefroy Pass and disappear beyond its summit.

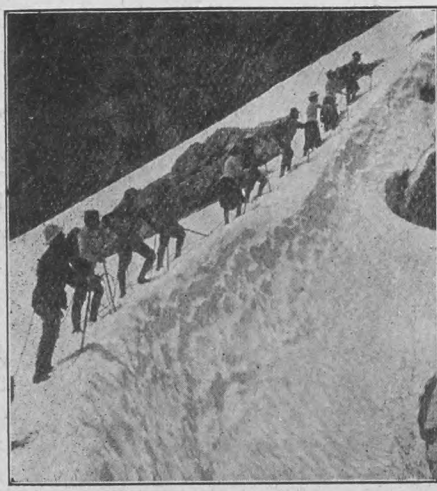
We witnessed a great array of clouds sail on and on in majesty over peak and snow and glacier; we caught numerous glimpses of the camp—a mere cluster of tents far down the valley; we saw innumerable aval-



A REST ON THE WAY UP ABERDEEN



## THE ALPINE HERALD



HARD WALKING IN SOFT SNOW

anches, and heard their thunderous music echo and reverberate from hill to hill, while the merrier ripple of Paradise Creek, and the sounds of falling waters nearer by were ever in our ears. All around was a framework of clouds and peaks, and pinnacles, and snow and ice—a veritable wonderland. And at long last we also saw "the sun's slow decline over hills resolved in stern silence," and were thus reminded that we must hasten on, so hurried into camp at 9 p.m. tired, hungry, sorry over defeat, but happy in the memory of a great day in our lives.

PETER D. McTAVISH.

## TRIAL OF MT. TEMPLE VS. DONALD McTAVISH.

The trial was held in Paradise Valley on July 8th, on the evening of the day on which the grave offence was committed. Judge Robertson held open court upon a stump, in the presence of the assembled members of the Alpine Club of Canada. Clerk of the Court Jones, with a mighty cry of Oyez, Oyez, Oyez—called all the people to order.

The accused, one Donald McTavish, was charged with hurling a boulder from Mt. Temple upon the head of one J. S. Hunt, with intent to kill. The prisoner was brought in in irons by the guards. The Clerk of the Court then said in sonorous tone, "In the presence of his Lordship let the handcuffs be removed from the prisoner. The charge was read and the prisoner pleaded "not guilty."

Six jurors were chosen. Miss Hobbs was objected to by the lawyer for the prosecution on the grounds that her affections were engaged by one of the McTavish twins—she knew not which. The judge however decided that this objection bordered on levity and Miss Hobbs was allowed to sit as a juror.

The lawyer for the Prosecution, F. C. Walker, was next ordered to call his witnesses. The first was one Professor Bleasdale from Regina. The examination of the witness by the lawyer for the prosecution was as follows:

Lawyer—Are you a professional guide?

Witness—I am.

Lawyer—Did you guide a party up Mt. Temple, among which were the prisoner and the patient?

Witness—I did.

Lawyer—How long have you been a professional guide?

Witness—About fourteen years.

Lawyer—What can you say of the behavior of the prisoner on July 8th?

Witness—I may say that he staggered a great deal, that his face was bloated, his eyes bleary, and his whole appearance denoting a man three sheets in the wind. I noticed particularly that he kept gazing at the third finger of the patient's left hand, upon which was a valuable diamond ring. He would even endanger his life by turning round in most difficult passes, contrary to my strictest injunctions.

Lawyer for the Defence—Do you know the difference between the brothers?

Witness—I do.

Lawyer—What means do you employ in determining the difference?

Witness—One wears a hard hat and the other a soft one, with two holes in it. They never interchange them, and there would be no reason for so doing in this case.

Mr. Schofield, the next witness, stated that he had seen the prisoner and a young lady exchanging certain articles—he could not say of what nature—but he thought the prisoner received a comb, from which fact he concluded that the prisoner's mind must be slightly deranged.

Mr. Glisson, of Portland, Oregon, was the next to enter the witness box. He had noticed that prisoner's

manner was most peculiar. He was also haunted by a slight resemblance in the prisoner's features, to someone he had seen before. On due consideration he had come to the conclusion that he had seen his photo in the Rogues' Gallery, New York, in which were hung pictures of notable characters in the criminal world. This man had been in Sing Sing for a long term of years, for a grave offence.

A young lady had been walking along a mountain trail with a beautiful diamond tiara on her head. He had over-powered her and snatching the diamond tiara from her head had fled—into the arms of the police. To make the identity more certain, he stated that New York authorities had told him that said prisoner (who by the way had several aliases) had a certain strawberry mark on his arm, which only came out when he was excessively cold.

When the prisoner was plunged into a snowbank, the strawberry mark at once appeared. I can corroborate the statement that the prisoner's actions were peculiar.

Miss Springate, being sworn, gave evidence to prove that the prisoner was Donald McTavish. Her method of identification between the twins was by the telling of a funny story, which she always told to gentlemen. Mr. Donald always laughed at it, and

"Were you near enough to tell the difference in perfumes?"

"Yes."

"How close were you?"

"As close as I could get."

The lawyer for the defence in summing up argued that Miss Springate's evidence went for naught as any sane man would laugh at a girl who told a story nine times in the course of one day. Mr. Glisson's evidence was also absurd as most of us get a mottled appearance when climbing Mount Temple. Dr. Anderson had admitted that his own head was full of saw dust. The intelligent jury would therefore see that the evidence proved that it was not Don, but his brother, whom they should have tried.

The judge, in his charge to the jury, said they must first decide whether the prisoner was himself, or his brother, that three young ladies of irreproachable character and blameless lives had proven that this man was not himself, but his brother. They must decide too, whether the rock was thrown with malicious intent or not. And whether the man was drunk, insane or in love, in any or all of which cases he could not be considered accountable for his actions.

Although the jury went to sleep during the judge's address they gave a most intelligent verdict. One jurymen insisted on seeing the boulder

refrain from stating the particular time, it was appointed that out of mighty titanic effort this monument of my power and sublimity, should be born of me, and that in due time, those of my family whom I most love and are nearest to me, should here come nearer still, and feel and know of my strength and beauty, of my grandeur and power to do and create, of my matchless diversity, and lavish profusion of change. Here in Paradise Valley you may know of my smile (that may easily become a frown). Here you may know of my pride of majesty, that may change to vengeance, and overwhelming assertion of power and dignity. Here you may listen to my music, drink deep of the charm of my peace. Here I will that you approach me with open heart and mind, with awe and reverence, for am I not of all queens the greatest? Am I not the universal mother to whose breast all come?

My greeting and welcome to you, my children. I bid you seek out and study me, enjoy of the fragrance of my breath, of the beauty of my garments round this my throne. Lest you may deem my clothing ancient or out of fashion, it is my pleasure to create my own, and I like best apparel of a green texture but of myriad shades. My voice and call to you is constant and pleading, commanding and threat-



A GLIMPSE OF THE YOHU CAMP OF 1906

the cliff, with one toe and small finger holds. Stanley was trying to mount the last steps in the snow. But the steps were nearly worn out, and the remnants of them continually gave way under his feet. Though he had his axe there was not enough ice left to hold the steps. He was holding a feeble foothold. Just then the rope about his chest untied and matters looked very serious. Below was a steep slope of snow that swept around the rocky buttress far below and no one could see what lay at its end. The rope was taut in all its length, but we gave him every inch we could. Luckily his foot held until he could again knot the rope about him. It

looked as if he must be pulled up by main force. If that were done his swinging out on the face of the cliff would pull Frank from his hold and there would be two men to lift. Frank called to Peter to know if he and Ben could do it, and then gave the word to pull. But fortunately Stanley could help himself just enough to save breaking his neighbor's hold; and so with careful work all together (you might almost call it team work), we got to the top of the cliff and ended the trying experience.

F. W. FREEBORN

## AROUND THE CAMP FIRE

One of the most interesting, if not the most interesting feature, of the Alpine Club encampment is the meetings after supper around the camp fire. Within a square of hewn logs, beneath magnificent hemlocks, under the shadow of mighty mountains, burns a fierce fire. The rounded tree trunks are crowded close with enthusiastic members, those who cannot find seats lie extended on the ground, and there is often an outer as well as an inner circle. Here are studies too in boots, which fringe the ashes. Boots of all sorts and conditions, high, low, wide and narrow,

shaped and shapeless, in all stages of drying and decomposition; nor must the rustic clothes horse be omitted, with its artistic draperies of puttees, socks and gloves; this is all the men's department, for the ladies have their own drying room sacred from the profane gaze of masculine eyes. A chairman is chosen for each evening and an entertainment well planned and executed, that elicits the talent of every available member of the club, whatever it may be. The result is a combination as unique as original, representative of the various types that have foregathered in the camp. Song, recitation, incident, adventure, experience, follow one another in amusing sequence. To illustrate, one evening's programme is reproduced, that presented a cakewalk, round the fire, a very short story about a dog, a train and a sausage, a Scotch song, an incident of Kentucky travel associated with caves and a pig. An experience in the Yoho valley, resulting in its opening to the tourist world, an adventure in the caves of Cheops, Selkirk Mountains, and a narrative of climbs by a member of the Mazama Club of the American Pacific Coast concluded the evening.

Interesting people are to be seen and heard around the camp fire, and the development of the camp fire entertainments is a feature capable of extensive development by the Alpine Club.

E. SPRAGGE.

Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,  
And marvel men should quit their easy chair,  
The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,  
Oh, there is sweetness in the mountain air,  
And life that bloated ease can never hope to share.

—From Byron's "Childe Harold."



SOME OF THE CAMPERS OF 1907

Peter never did. She told this story nine times on the climb up Mt. Temple and the gentleman had laughed every time; therefore he must have been Donald.

Dr. Anderson said he had noticed a large gap in the patient's head; had looked in and found nothing there; was not prepared to say there had ever been anything there. He, had proceeded as is usual in such cases and had filled the gap with saw dust.

At this point the doctor's instruments were brought in in a sack, viz. a buck saw and an axe. The patient was then brought in, in a pitiable plight, with bandaged head and hand. The doctor spoke highly of the work of the trained nurse, even though she had bound up the wrong hand.

The lawyer for the prosecution argued that the jury were bound to bring in a verdict of murder. The abject meanness of a man who would cut off three fingers of a man's hand in order to secure a diamond ring was beneath contempt. It would be well if the world were rid of such fellows.

Miss Watson was called to the stand to prove that Donald McTavish had not been on Mt. Temple but had been with her, and decidedly elsewhere, when the catastrophe had occurred. She had mistakenly marched off Donald to Lake Annette.

Do you not know the difference between the twins? was asked.

I did not at first, but, you see, I lived in love with Mr. Peter and Mr. Peter being in love with me, you see what would have happened—but it did not. So I know it was Don.

Miss Adams said she had seen Miss Watson and Mr. Don go off toward Lake Annette.

How do you know it was Don, and not Peter?

"I have one infallible rule for telling them apart. Don uses rose scent and Peter violet."

and the ring, but his request was refused. When the jury were out, the audience sang "Saw my leg off," to cheer up the patient.

The verdict was that both twins were guilty, and suggested that they be required to wash the saw dust out of their heads the next morning in Paradise Creek, adding however that prisoner Don must choose between the three charming young ladies who had testified for him.

Peter McTavish, who had changed places with his brother, said:

"My Lord, may I not be hanged instead?"

The judge, however, refused the request and poor Peter is still vainly trying to decide which of the three ladies he wants the most.

(Reported for the Alpine Herald by Harriet W. Watson.)

## MOTHER EARTH.

I make no apology for the following, beyond the fact that the writer was asked to contribute his quota towards an evening's entertainment, round the camp fire, or in other words, to give expression to his thought and idea, as a plainsman, of this camp and surroundings. On the outset, allow me to express the fact that I have no claim to be entitled a plainsman, but beyond question, and as being a lineal descendant of Adam, may assert that I am a plain man, just a porridge production, in fact, so will ask you to bear with such product, and the results of his mental effort.

To any lover of nature, this camp and surroundings must preach their own sermon, must carry their own appeal. So the writer will endeavor to put himself in place of our great and ancient Mother Earth, and act as her interpreter for the time being, as best he may.

Long, long ago, so long ago that out of pride and respect of my sex I

ening, terrifying and compelling, but to those who truly seek me I am always loving and eloquent. In my hand and around this my throne are the blessings of length of days and vigorous health. Clear eyes, strong limbs and true hearts are to those closest to me. I will renew youth, deepen life, soothe and charm away all care. Seeing me, you shall greet the Eternal, knowing me, you shall know God. Listen to, and open your hearts to me, my children, for whom I have waited long and with exceeding patience, for whom this my throne and fortress was conceived long ago. Drink deep of my inspiration, kindle your hearts in this my realm. Seek me at all times and in all places. My smile and benediction shall be yours, my beauty and charm shall clothe you as a garment, my peace abide ever with you, and this my throne become your own.

H. BLEASDALE.

## AN ANXIOUS MOMENT ON MOUNT ABERDEEN.

Aberdeen is no mean mountain. It may be overtopped by some of its neighbors, but the way to its summit is no promenade. We had spent six hours of leg straining, lung-taxing, heart-compelling effort over steep slopes of shaly scree, and had reached a ledge from which rose a steep couloir of snow to a series of crumbling cliffs. For this couloir we roped. Peter was in the lead; behind him came Ben, then Frank, then Stanley. Peter had to cut steps as the snow was too hard to kick. The upper part of the couloir was very narrow. At the top we had to reach sidewise onto a rounding cliff with very small holds. Peter had passed to good footing. Ben was sprawling over a safe ledge, Frank was holding his first grip on